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making a mere copy of the scenery of the glen, worked its main features into a composition of very great merit. The time chosen is when a summer shower has come up among the distant hills, and is slowly making its way down the valley toward the lowlands in the foreground. The herd of deer, led by the two noble bucks, alarmed at the prospect of a sudden rising of the stream, have gathered on a point of land which is left bare at low water, preparatory to crossing through the now shallow water to safer quarters on the other side. The introduction of these animals gives a certain life and animation to the picture, and thus relieves it from the air of tameness which otherwise even the most elaborate landscape might wear.

The management of light and shade in the picture, the representation of the dark clouds and rain in the distance, and the water tumbling over the rocks in the foreground, are equally as worthy of admiration as the composition and general tone of the picture. The artist, Mr. Waterlow, is a young man, but has already made his mark as a painter of landscapes, and it is not risking much to predict for him a brilliant career for the future.

THE STORY OF CLAUDE GELÉE.

AMONG all the celebrated artists in Lorraine, no one could compare with Pierre Veroni. Tradition has not brought down to us actual sketches of his Grecian temples, his Chinese pagodas, his peerless Madonnas, his angels with new-fledged wings; but what need we of tradition, when the spirit, the Promethean fire, has been transmitted from age to age? How many useful inventions have been lost, while his still flourish! It is much to be regretted that no specimens of his sculpture have been preserved. The imitations of the present day are no doubt far inferior to the original; but, alas! like all human inventions, they have crumbled into dust. Certain it is, that, in the sixteenth century, not an entertainment could be given in Lorraine without the aid of Pierre; his pyramids were the ornaments of rich and costly tables, and rose high in the centre, amidst Etruscan golden vases, and urns studded with precious stones, and sparkling with wine, that might have rivalled that which was enriched with the pearl of Cleopatra. The simple and beautiful ornaments of Pierre were always the principal objects of attention. We speak not of their intrinsic value, because history on this subject is silent, and we wish scrupulously to observe the historical rules. It is evident, however, that they possessed a value beyond mere appearance.

Homer, in his "Iliad," has given earthly immortality to Dædalus by the mere record of his name; though Pausanias asserts that his sculpture was rude and uncomely. Pierre was not fortunate enough to find a Homer, and therefore his name lives only in these humble records. This may not be thought so wonderful, when it is considered that, after all, our celebrated artist, to whom luxury paid daily homage—to whose piazza, with its colonnades and fountains, age and youth resorted, to gaze on the beautiful landscape around, with its golden clouds, its shadowy tints and far-famed aerial softness—that, after all, Pierre Veroni, who, as his name indicates, united Gallic luxury with Italian refinement, must be handed down to posterity, not as Pierre le Grand, but Pierre the Pastry-cook.

Pierre was one evening seated in his piazza, enjoying the coolness of the western breeze, when a pale, emaciated man entered, leading a boy by the hand. He approached the mighty master with a low bow, expressive of his high respect. Nothing could afford a greater contrast than the two. Pierre was magnificent in his size, and gave evidence that his inventions had benefited himself more than others. He sat in his well-cushioned *bergère*, his brocaded *robe de chambre* carelessly thrown back, his snowy vest confined by one pearl button, and his good-humored, florid face gently turned upward to enjoy the cool air.

"Most noble master Pierre," said the thin man, with a trembling voice, "I have come to solicit your favor. I have three sons who are apprenticed to different trades; but I have no way of providing for the youngest, that I lead by the hand. We are suffering

from famine. Mighty Pierre, take my poor boy into your service—listen to my petition; and the gratitude of a family will be your reward."

The gastronomic hero was propitiated by this humble address; he received it graciously, and consented to initiate the boy into the mysteries of his art.

From this time young Gelée became his pupil; but Pierre found that he had made a promise he could not perform; there was no initiating the boy. It soon became evident that the whole science of pastry, united with confectionery, revolved before him without awakening the slightest emotion; tarts and cream-cakes, so attractive to youth, even in our intellectual times, he regarded with indifference. Poor Gelée! his master was fully convinced that he was "moon-struck;" and he dated the time from an eventful evening, on which he was ordered to carry a Perigord pie to a grand entertainment; on which occasion both Gelée and the pie were missing; and, after a long search, he was found, seated on the pastry, gazing at the clouds as they passed over the moon, and watching its light reflected in the water.

All this the good-natured Pierre forgave, and worried along with him for two whole years; at the end of which time he summoned the old Gelée, and mildly told him that it was not possible for his son to learn his art; at the same time advising the father not to be discouraged, since he might answer very well for one of the "learned professions," though he had not the talents requisite for becoming a pastry-cook.

The father had no means of promoting his son to any profession, and poor little Gelée was bound out as a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for another year. But his delicate health rendered him unfit for such hard service; and, as some of his young companions were going to Rome, he obtained his father's permission to accompany them, and once more seek employment in the gastronomic art.

The father returned him a few of the pence he had so hardly earned, gave him much advice, a fervent blessing, and he took his leave.

We pass over the weary foot-travel, weary to most people though not to him, in which his very soul seemed to have burst from bondage; and he could now gaze to his heart's content, without defrauding any task-master. He watched the vine-covered hills till they faded in the distance; for the first time he felt the value of existence, and an indistinct perception that it was happiness *to be*.

When he arrived at Rome he seemed like one paralyzed; instead of applying to some distinguished pastry-cook, as he was well entitled to do, having been taught by the celebrated Master Pierre Veroni, he took his seat regularly every morning on one of the fallen monuments of antiquity, and apparently forgot himself to stone. When actually oppressed by hunger, he swallowed a handful of macaroni from the nearest vender. At length his pence were all gone, and he began to awake from this dreamy state of existence. He then applied to several pastry-cooks for employment; but Gelée had never cultivated the graces—he was awkward in his manners, and could speak only his own provincial language, all unlike the sweet idiom of the Italians. History tells us that "he wandered from door to door, and no one would employ him; and, notwithstanding his practical knowledge of baking pies, he was in danger of starvation." At length he was reduced to actual famine, and the very sources of life seemed to be drying up, for want of nourishment. He seated himself on the door-steps of an obscure house, and, overcome by the sense of misery, burst into tears.

"To what purpose," exclaimed he, "was I born? The world is fair and beautiful; it is made of noble materials; what could be more lovely than my own Lorraine, when the setting sun shone on my native hills? Then came the beautiful repose of nature; then the landscape slept, and the spirit of the Creator overshadowed all; sky, water, and green fields melted into each other, and became blended together by imperceptible gradations; all seemed enveloped in the shadowy mantle of universal love. Yet I, who could gaze on these scenes with the consciousness of my own existence, I alone am an outcast! I, who feel that

I have something within me beyond all this, that I am connected, by mysterious ties, with universal being! Is it, that, when I die, I am to be dissolved into these beautiful elements, and become a part of them? No, this cannot be; for then I should lose my very consciousness, and I might as well have been created in the first place a tree or a stone. There is something in my nature yet unrevealed to me, something I have not yet attained. Perhaps it is only after death that my faculties are to unfold. Yes, it must be so; this world is not my home; I was not made for it. Father in heaven, take me to thyself!"

"Who is it that speaks so mournfully?" said a soft, silver voice, from behind a lattice near him.

He started; the language was that of his own native province. "Wait yet a little," continued the voice, "and my good uncle Agostino will come to thee."

In a few moments a venerable man stood before him. "Tell me thy distress, poor youth," said he, speaking in Gelée's native tongue.

For the first time since he had entered the immortal city, he could pour forth his sorrows and be understood. What a tide of strong emotion came rushing upon his heart as he told his simple tale!

Agostino listened with benevolent sympathy.

"Our blessed lady, the gracious mother of the afflicted," said he, "has directed thee to my door. I am in want of a domestic; thou shalt assist my niece in her household occupations, in preparing our daily meals, and at other times I will employ thee to grind my paints and clean my palette and pencils."

Most thankfully did Gelée enter upon his new office. From this time he was one of the household.

Was it the voice, the speaking glance of Agostino's niece, the gentle Calista, that first awoke the germ of genius in the mind of the youth? Was it not there from infancy, fostered by that divine love which shed such resplendent beauty among his native hills? Does not the Creator watch over the noblest part of his works, the thinking, reasoning mind? The young Gelée had been gradually conducted to this period; suffering and solitude had been agents in the mighty process; even abstinence had sharpened his spiritual perceptions, and now the spark of intellect burst into a flame. He performed cheerfully the menial labors assigned him; but sometimes, when it became his duty to clean his master's palette and brushes, he entreated that he might use them. The good Agostino smilingly assented, and furnished him with implements; he was pleased to see that his beloved art could awaken sympathy even in Claude Gelée.

Agostino Trasso had received orders from the Duke of Lorraine to furnish him with two paintings for his gallery. The artist rather affected the style of Michael Angelo; but what was grand and sublime in that mighty master, became stiff and cold in the hands of Agostino. One picture, however, was completed and sent to his patron, who returned a liberal recompense.

In the meantime the young Gelée continued secretly at work. Calista was his only confidant, and she assumed most willingly a double portion of household labors, that her companion might drink at the fountain of delight which had so lately opened to him. At length his picture was completed, and, after placing it in a favorable light, and shading it with the mantilla of Calista, who assisted in the arrangement, Agostino was invited to view it.

What was the astonishment of the artist! He almost doubted whether it was a representation on canvas, or whether nature had started forth, living and breathing. Could this be the work of his household servant, or had some mighty magician touched the canvas with his wand?

Great as was Gelée's triumph Calista's was still more exquisite; her heart swelled almost to bursting, when she perceived the effect the picture had upon her uncle; her eyes were suffused with tears, her cheeks tinged with the roseate hue of morning; a radiant smile played round her mouth; while her lips, gently parted, seemed about to pour forth the language of inspiration.

Once more Claude seized the pencil. A sketch was completed; but it never was exhibited—it became the companion of his solitary hours. It hung

opposite his couch, in the little attic; the beautiful eyes looking down upon him, the head inclining forward, supported by its swan-like neck. Morning, noon and evening, it looked upon him; the image mingled with his matin hymn and vesper song. Is it wonderful that it became the object of his worship, the Madonna of his religion?

Agostino felt the beauty of Gelée's landscape. With the permission of the youth, he sent it to the Duke of Lorraine, as the production of a self-taught artist. The astonishment of the trio was great when a recompense was returned far exceeding the amount which Agostino had received, and also orders for a second painting.

Claude was no longer to continue the household servant of Agostino. Another was procured to supply his place, and his whole time devoted to the pencil.

His master, with an honorable generosity, endeavored to teach him the rules of perspective; but he was an impatient pupil. His was a beauty which he perceived and painted intuitively.

So wholly was Claude occupied, that he seemed to live in a region of his own. His labor in completing the second landscape entirely engrossed him. Content with the secret worship of his Madonna, he scarcely appeared to note its living representative; otherwise he would have perceived that the cheek of Calista had lost its bloom—that the sparkling animation of her eye had melted into the lustrous softness of his own native sky—that the form, so round and graceful, was losing its waving outline—that the voice which fell on his ear in strains of melody when he first threw himself at the threshold, was now faint and broken, and scarcely exceeded a whisper. All this was unheeded by the artist; he was now studying to blend the bright, sunny skies of Italy, his adopted home, with the softness that first impressed his youthful imagination, and to throw that aerial veil over the whole which gives mysterious meaning to inanimate objects. Sometimes Agostino urged him to introduce groups of peasants into the front ground; but he submitted unwillingly, and they did not partake of the inspiration of his pencil. "Man," he exclaimed, "has made himself inferior to the glorious world he inhabits; his presence destroys the harmony of the scene." One figure, however, was introduced—a fair girl, with her white veil thrown back from her head, and her golden locks sporting upon her neck, as they were moved by the passing breeze. She stood on a gentle eminence, the soft effulgence of the setting sun casting a halo round her head. Agostino recognized it at once as the figure of his own niece, his "little Calista," as he invariably called her.

"It was an excellent likeness once," said he, with a deep sigh.

"Yes," said the youth, blushing; "but it wants her mind to animate the form. Still, however, it is in keeping with the picture; it has the same perfection that belongs to the inanimate creation. I have looked at it till it seemed to me to move. See," continued he, "the foot is a little advanced: does it not give an idea of her light step, which scarcely seems to bend the flowers upon which she treads? Then observe the quick and animated turn of her head: we need not look in the face to read the beauty of the soul."

"Alas!" said Agostino, "such things were; but the remembrance of them comes over me like the strains of the Æolian harp, mournful and low."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Claude, throwing down his brush. The deepest anguish was expressed in Agostino's countenance, as he replied, "I must part from her; she is fast fleeting to the world of spirits; in a few months I shall be alone!"

"Holy Virgin!" cried the youth, "can this be true?"

"Too true," replied Agostino; "her doom is pronounced by the most experienced in the healing art. They say she can continue but a few weeks longer."

"And you have kept it secret from me?"

"You were too much engrossed by your pencil," replied Agostino, "to think of my poor girl. Ah!" continued he, with a melancholy smile, "it was once so with me. Painting is a more tyrannical mistress than Music, for she will have the whole heart; but her tuneful sister derives part of her charm from answering cadences."



NELLO CUP.

"Can it be," said Claude, "that I have been thus insensible, thus selfishly engrossed? Let me fly to her. Where may I find her?"

"She wanders among the fir trees, in the little grove behind the house."

Claude hastened to the spot; he saw her at a distance. Her veil was thrown back, her step feeble and slow—even then he thought of his art; there was something in her shadowy form so like his own ideal that he hesitated to destroy the illusion by approaching too near. It was only for a moment, and then he was by her side.

She smiled and extended her hand. "Have you come to me at last!" she exclaimed.

"Calista!" said the painter, casting himself at her feet; "yes, thou art she whom I have so long secretly worshipped."

Faint and exhausted, she sank upon the bank; the youth knelt by her side; for the first time their hearts communed. Calista learned how deeply she had been beloved—that, while she looked upon the menial of her uncle as too bright a star for her own orbit, he had not dared to lift his eyes to a being so radiant with beauty and goodness. "These are precious moments!" exclaimed the maiden; "but they are fleeting. I am called hence; I must away."

"Live for me, my own Calista!" exclaimed Claude; "thou hast been my animating genius; live to lead me to immortality, to an undying name."

"That may not be," replied the maiden; "thy own genius will obtain for thee an undying name; but a far more glorious immortality awaits thee."

Other landscapes were completed, and recompense returned far beyond expectation. Claude was now no longer unknown—he was distinguished by kings and princes; and when he was called the Italian artist his native province asserted its prior claims.

Who has ever seen an original of this artist, without feeling that he possessed a power which belongs to no other? There is a depth in his skies, which leads the mind far beyond the surface; you look through the mysterious veil, behind the golden clouds, into the very heaven of heavens.

Where was the stupid apprentice of the pastry-cook? Is it indeed true, as has been suggested, that his faculties were obtuse on every subject but those of his art? Who, that has any comprehension of what the divine art is, will believe this? The observation might apply to a mere copyist; but he to whose pencil taste and imagination bring their tributary stores—he who can give life and sentiment to canvas—can he be void of every other talent?

The image of Calista had been not only his beau ideal, but incorporated with his religious worship of the blessed Virgin. It had filled and satisfied his heart; he had never thought it possible he could awaken in her emotions corresponding to his own; she was the beloved niece of his master, and he but a menial. Now, however, the veil was removed, and he found himself the first object of her affection. Happy Claude! what hast thou more to desire? Love, fortune and genius smile upon thee; yet who so sad, so heart-broken? Happiness is not made for this world. Every day Calista grew weaker, her voice fainter and fainter; she resembled the light of his own pictures, fading insensibly away into heaven.

Italy has always been celebrated for its beautiful twilights; it was on one of those lovely evenings, tinged with glory, that Calista expressed a wish to see a landscape Claude had nearly completed. He conducted her to the room he had hired for his occupation, which was but a short distance from the dwelling. It was part of a ruin on Monte Pincio, mantled with evergreen. Through its dilap-

idated wall the last rays of the setting sun entered aslant, and gave to the picture an extraordinary brilliancy; it was precisely the light which was meant to be represented. Calista gazed with enthusiasm. "My friend," said she, holding up her hand, which the bright light rendered almost transparent, "I read in thy picture thy immortality, but not the immortality for which thou art sighing; the time will come when the works of genius shall crumble, and the artist be forgotten; but the spirit which executed them will live for ever." As she spoke, her head sank upon his bosom. Several moments passed before he perceived that her breath had fled, and that he was supporting a lifeless form. "Yes," he exclaimed, "the spirit will

live for ever." Claude Gelée was born in 1600, and died in 1668. The remainder of his life was spent much in solitary devotion to his art. In this he was laborious, frequently repeating the same subject. The prediction of Calista is partly accomplished. Many of his works are decayed, a few yet remain. Agostino Trasso is only remembered as connected with his illustrious pupil, while the name of the scholar is still familiar, not as Claude Gelée, but claimed by his native province as Claude Lorraine.

NIELLO WARE.

VISITORS at the Centennial will not have forgotten the specimens shown them of engravings from different countries—especially of engravings on copper—but we suppose very many of them hardly thought it necessary to ask how, when, and by whom the art of copperplate engraving was invented. The fact is, that, beautiful an art as it is, it owes its origin to quite another, and what seems to be an entirely different branch of decorative art—it is known as "Niello" work. The word is Italian, and is derived from the Latin *nigellus*, a diminutive of *niger*—black. Niello work means, simply, the engraving on any metal, by means of lines cut in a design, and filling the lines with either a black or a colored pigment. The fact that black is generally used is the excuse for the name. When or by whom this manner of ornamenting metal was invented is not known. The fact, however, that some of the finest specimens known to exist were done by Byzantine artists of the twelfth century shows that the art must be a very old one, for the work then done is a sufficiently convincing proof that the artists who were engaged on it had had not only much practice, but also centuries of tradition to back them.

The finest of the works in Niello belong to the first half of the fifteenth century, and the one great master in this branch of art who is most thought of, and whose works are most sought after and most regarded, was Maso di Finiguerra, who flourished about 1440, who was also a painter of considerable merit, having been a pupil to both Ghiberti and Masaccio. He was much employed by the monks and priests to engrave designs upon the different articles needed for the altar, and was accustomed, when they were half done, to rub lampblack, or something of the kind, into the lines, and then take an impression from the engraving, so that he might see how the work was going on. This practice not only enabled him to mark the progress of the work, but also led him to the invention of engraving on copper.

Genuine specimens of Niello work are very rare and

difficult to obtain, other and more satisfactory methods of ornamenting metal having been discovered. When found they are usually of silver, and the lines of the ornamentation are filled with black. We engrave a vase in this style of ware which is considered unique. It is in the British Museum, and dates from the Byzantine era.

OUR DARLING.

EVERY homestead has, or ought to have, its darling—the one little babe, who is not only the beloved of its parents but of its brothers and sisters—its uncles and aunts, and all the friends of the family as well. The picture we engrave shows us a most delightful scene, where an older sister has obtained possession of baby, and is apparently as much delighted at her

with the most extraordinary success. He was, in 1791, at the request of the king, made a "supplemental associate;" and, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was appointed limner to the king. In 1798 he was elected Royal Academician; in 1815 he was knighted, and in 1826, on the death of Benjamin West, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, which post he held until his death in London, January 7, 1830. Two of his pictures were exhibited at the Centennial. The one we engrave is a good specimen of his work both as regards faults and excellences.

PREPARING SPRING FLOWERS.

SPRINGTIME has come, and with it comes a renewal of the love of bouquets, *boutonnieres*, baskets and vases of cut flowers, and similar devices for the display of

the floral beauties the season brings us. To be sure, the desire for these things, like the appetite for oysters, is with us all the year, but it can never be so well gratified as when the advent of warm weather opens the buds and brings out the leaves of the vegetable world. Flowers may be had, thanks to the invention of green-houses, at any time, but they always seem in winter, to recur to our former simile, very much like an oyster in July, slightly out of season. In spring, however, they are entirely appropriate, and the florists and their best customers and agents, the flower girls—for flowers are generally sold by women and girls—are sure to be busy in making up the dainty bunches which are to be presented to ladies, thrown to prima-donnas, or worn in the button-holes of gentlemen's coats.

The picture we reproduce is from a photograph by H. P. Robinson, whose collection at the



OUR DARLING.—AFTER SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

opportunity for kissing and playing with the family darling as the little one is at being so cuddled and caressed. The scene is a charming one, even when looked at by a stranger simply as a picture, and must have been vastly more delightful to the aristocratic parents of the two charming girls so admirably presented to us.

The original, from which the engraving is made, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the successor of Benjamin West as President of the British Royal Academy. He was born at Bristol, in 1769, and began his career by drawing portraits in crayons, at Oxford, at the early age of ten years—thus showing a precocity almost, if not quite, equal to that previously exhibited by West, his predecessor. In 1783 Lawrence set up his easel in Bath, and had a good patronage, but took to painting in oils, and at the age of eighteen settled in London, and entered as a student at the Royal Academy. Here he seems to have met

Centennial excited so much attention and comment. He is noted for the artistic manner in which he composes his subjects, and still more for the manner in which he groups his models, and the pictures—worthy of any *genre* painter—which he produces by the aid of photography. This, which is one of his best efforts, will be readily recognized by visitors to the Philadelphia Exposition.

This composing of living pictures, that is to say, the grouping together of living persons and animals, with the necessary adjuncts of furniture and other inanimate objects, so as to compose a veritable *tableau vivant* is a specialty with Mr. Robinson, and has not only brought him much business, and pecuniary profit, but has also won for him an enviable reputation as a veritable artist of great merit and no little genius. Nor is his skill and dexterity as a photographer less marked than his fine artistic sense, as has been abundantly proven in the pictures shown by him.